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explanation for this**

orphan_account

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Category: IT (2017)

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-02

Updated: 2017-11-02

Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:03:38

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 827

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

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I sighed in relief as I got to go from pay window to front counter, slipping the uncomfortable headset off and fluffing my ponytail a bit. I had recognized someone I NEVER wanted to interact with from school in the window-- Patrick Hockstetter. Local weirdo and absolute Adonis. He captivated me with his black lagoon eyes and his shaggy dark brown hair. We'd never talked, not once, because I spent all of my time keeping my head down and avoiding Bowers's gang like the plague. I promised someone special I wasn't gonna get in any trouble this year, and he was coated in trouble from head to toe and it rolled off of him in dizzying vapors.

I wanted those long fingers down my throat.

I swallowed the thoughts down with a mouthful of Coke before sliding to the register just in time to take someone's order. My luck only spoiled. It wasn't just him, I see.

"Hi, how can I help you, sir?"

"Yeah, uh," Henry Bowers looked up and met my eyes and I tried my best not to look as freaked out as I was, "don't I know you."

"Probably." I breathed out in a soft sigh, looking down. "We go to school together."

"Oh yeah." Henry squinted. "You work at McDonalds? You on the welfare line too, 200?"

“220, actually.” I offered a smile. “You want your food with or without spit?” God, I needed to watch my mouth a little closer. My eyes moved to the door and that smile melted. Him, again. Didn’t he just come through the drive through? “On a date.”

“Fuck you.” Henry barked, loud enough to make heads turn in the back. No managers close enough to hear, however, which was probably good for me. My eyes slid closed and I took in a deep breath.

“She gonna cry?”

My eyes opened again. Patrick Hockstetter was a fucking weirdo, but gods, he was a hot piece of ass. I found myself looking at him a little too long, long enough for him to meet my eyes and flash me a predatory smile. My tongue touched my teeth.

“Can I take your order. Sir.” I looked back at Henry, and he scoffed.

“No. Get someone else, someone prettier.” He sneered, and I struggled to keep my breathing regulated.

“You can take mine.” Patrick leaned across the counter, too close for comfort. His breath fanned over my face, and I smelled coke and rum on it. I wanted to kiss him, bite his chapped lips and press my tongue against his. I think he could smell those thoughts on me. His smile was icy cold and lined my stomach with frost. He grabbed my apron in his fist and tugged it forward and up, bringing me with it. “Faith.”

“I already did.”

“Hey, hey, hey.” His tone was sing-song, growing in volume yet he didn’t lean back an inch. “I thought the CUSTOMER was always RIGH-T.” He emphasized the hard “t” at the end of right, and his spit touched my lips. I wiped it away disgustedly.

“What. Do you want. Sir.” I replied, losing my patience.

“You in a little purse wherever I go, like one of those teeny tiny dogs prissy bitches carry ‘round.” He was far enough across the counter to grab one of the napkins from under the register. Henry had taken refuge beside the soda fountains, his ears red.

“Preferably something on the menu.”

“You’re on MY menu.” He grinned and his tongue ran over his teeth. “Gonna pick you up and dissect you like one of those little green frozen frogs in Biology class in the ninth grade.”

“Hot.” The word was out of my mouth before I could stop it. “Wanna take polaroids of me, all bloody and beaten up and naked and tack em to your pinboard at home, too? Keep em in a shoebox under your bed?”

He stared back at me, eyes shifting between mine as he tried to figure

out if I was fucking with him. He never reached a conclusion, simply swallowed hard before flashing an open mouthed smile and slapping the brim of my hat.

“Give me a strawberry milkshake with hot fudge and let me take you home tonight.”

“Mm,” I entered it in, looking at him over the rim of my glasses. “You gonna beat me up and make me cry? Maybe spit on the ground and make me lick it up? Turn me over onto my stomach, weak and bruised and fuck me into the grass?”

His chest was heaving, deep breaths puffing harshly from his throat. I ripped his receipt off and handed it over to him, leaning in close just as he had.

“Maybe one day. Now fuck off.”

His pupils shrunk down to the size of poppy seeds and he snatched my wrist, shoving my hand to feel the growing hard on straining against his jeans.

“Better be soon, sweetheart.”